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the seventh day from Monday?" Surely there can be nothing to puzzle a student, who knows that all intervals are reckoned upwards, that from F to C is a fifth, and from C to F only a fourth. Again, why name them "so called" inversions, without clearly demonstrating that they are *not* inversions? And why speak of a diatonic and chromatic semitone, without separating *all* the diatonic and chromatic intervals? Some more logical re-arrangement of this chapter we should certainly recommend, if not of other portions of the work, for there is so much that is really good in these "Practical Hints" that we should be glad if we could assist in remedying any obvious defect.

CHAFFPELL AND CO.

As o'er the past. Sacred Song. Words by Bishop Middleton.

Sun of my soul. Sacred Song. Words by the Rev. John Keble.

Composed by Brinley Richards.

WE have always held the opinion that Mr. Richards has scarcely had justice done to him as a composer; or rather, perhaps, that he has scarcely done justice to himself. The popularity of his numerous arrangements has so tempted him to increase the store of available teaching pieces, that the public—always too willing to love, honour and obey the man who gives them the least trouble—would rather, perhaps, desire that he should continue to labour as a collector, who enshrines the thoughts of others, than as one who produces original thought himself. Mr. Richards, however, is too conscientious an artist to rest content with a fame, however widely spread, which is partially founded upon the fame of others; and he has, therefore, from time to time, given us original pianoforte pieces, remarkable not only for purity of melody and refinement of treatment, but for a constructive power which shows an intimate knowledge and sympathy with the highest works of the art. With all these pieces—produced, as we have said, at too rare intervals—we are thoroughly familiar; but of his vocal music we know but little. If the two compositions now before us, however, may be accepted as a proof of his power, we counsel him to persevere in this direction, for, from the so-called "sacred songs" latterly produced, we could scarcely name two more tenderly melodious, or more richly and skilfully harmonised. "As o'er the past," although decidedly the better, will probably not be the more popular, of the two; but it is our favourite, because in it we not only find an earnest sacred feeling, in consonance with the words, but a careful and artistic finish which has a right to be respected, even when the result is not so eminently successful. The melody of the song is extremely beautiful; and the flowing *arpeggio* accompaniment has a charming effect throughout, especially in page 3, where a bold diatonic descent of dotted minims in the bass is most happily introduced. "Sun of my soul" appeals more directly to those who like a simple melody, simply accompanied; but it is, nevertheless, largely dependent for its attraction upon the musicianlike treatment apparent in every phrase. The *staccato* quaver accompaniment, after the double bar, is exceedingly effective, and the lengthening out of the words, "We lose ourselves in Heav'n above," with which the song concludes, is deeply suggestive of hopeful resignation. These two compositions will be welcomed by all who desire really sacred music; and we should be glad if they could do something towards teaching the teachers that religious songs need not be either dismal or commonplace.

TINSLEY BROTHERS.

How to Sing an English Ballad. By Elizabeth Philp. Including Sixty Songs, written by eminent Poets.

BEING a work upon music, rather than music itself, this little book should scarcely, perhaps, have been noticed in this place; but Miss Philp has so mixed herself up with the music-sellers, in speaking of how to sing an English

ballad, that the title should have been reversed thus,—*"Sixty Songs, the music by Elizabeth Philp, with a few observations upon how to sing them."* Viewed in this light, therefore, we have less hesitation in placing her book amongst our musical reviews. Miss Philp's remarks upon the method of singing a ballad are, on the whole, well digested and thoroughly true, and may well be taken to heart by many young ladies (for to the fair sex only she addresses herself) who aspire to entertain a drawing-room audience with these sentimental effusions; but with the natural enthusiasm of one who is a creator, as well as an executant, of the "English ballad," our authoress overrates these productions in a remarkable degree. "After all," she says, "it is the well-sung English ballad that gives the most universal pleasure in the home circle. It is the English ballad that moves the sympathies and enchains the attention of the majority of hearers." This we emphatically deny: it is the pure and exquisite creation of the few Heaven-born geniuses of the world that "enchains the attention of the majority of the listeners;" for, in our own experience, for one person who is moved by the commonplace story and commonplace music of an English ballad, there are ten who cannot control their emotion when the songs of our greatest composers are eloquently interpreted. As a catalogue of Miss Philp's works, this book will be found useful; for the remarks upon the method of singing a ballad only occupies 13 pages, whilst the words of her songs occupy no less than 62.

DUFF AND STEWART.

'Tis the Sabbath reigns around. Vocal Duet. Written by E. Brewis.

Sowing and Reaping. Sacred Song. Words by A. A. Proctor.

Composed by Maria Tiddeman.

A PEACEFUL melody, in E flat, has been appropriately wedded by Miss Tiddeman to some earnestly devotional words, in the first of the two sacred compositions above named. It is well written as a duet for soprano and contralto, and will be found highly effective by vocalists who can sympathise with the calm simplicity both of the poetry and music. The harmonies show that the composer has studied in a good school, and the accompaniments (if we except a somewhat harsh repetition of the *appoggiatura*, E flat against D, in the 7th bar of page 2) are most carefully written throughout. "Sowing and Reaping" is scarcely so much to our mind as the duet; but there is good feeling for the words shown in every phrase. We cannot like the ♯, which comes somewhat unceremoniously on the last crotchet in the 9th bar of page 2, and feel an earnest desire to push it onwards to the first note of the following bar, to which place it has a legitimate right. This, however, is but an opinion; and as Miss Tiddeman has so well satisfied us in other parts of her two compositions, we bid her a cordial welcome, and hope to meet with her again.

LAMBORN COCK, ADDISON AND CO.

Select Subjects from William Sterndale Bennett's Sacred Cantata "The Woman of Samaria." Arranged for the Pianoforte, with (*ad lib.*) Accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, by William Hutchins Callcott. In Two Books.

ALTHOUGH these arrangements can convey but a faint idea of the many beautiful effects in this work, we can cordially commend them to the notice of those who do not desire to fritter away their time by practising for mere display, and who believe that themes "unadorned" are "adorned the most." The most popular portions of the Cantata have been selected by Mr. Callcott; and we are bound to say that in most cases he has performed his task well; although we think that in some of the choruses (as, for instance, in the Chorale, "Ye Christian people") some better notion of the combination of voices and instruments might have been given. One of the most

effective numbers is the well known contralto song, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out."

Music on the Lake. Nocturne. By Walter Macfarren.

A GRACEFUL and well written pianoforte piece, reminding us somewhat of the style of Chopin in the opening phrase. The first theme, in A minor, is well contrasted with a second subject, sung by the left hand, against a quaver accompaniment, and the change into A major has an extremely good effect. Such music as this is excellent practice for touch; and must assist in cultivating a refined taste, and preparing the student for works of greater pretension.

Original Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL TIMES.

SIR,—In reply to the letter signed "Henry A. Walker," permit me to say that, having again looked through the *Appendix to the Hymnal Noted*, I find nearly eighty tunes which, I cannot but think, would be condemned by almost any church musician. Take, for example, the tune commonly sung to "O Paradise," (No. 317 in this collection), which is an air known as "Ere infancy's bud," from a French opera by Méhul; also No. 335, sung to "Brightly gleams our banner," a favourite air of Haydn's, which became popular under the title of "Hope told a flattering tale." Again, it can hardly be denied that the coarse vulgarity of the following melody is enough to drive any one with ears out of church.



The secularity of this, too, will be recognised by all:—



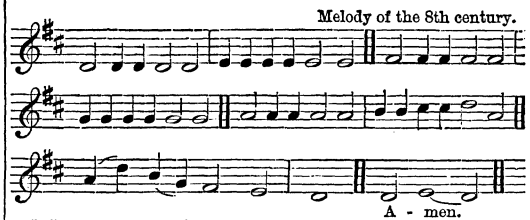
Admirers of Mendelssohn will be shocked to find a lovely phrase from the *Elijah* mutilated thus:—



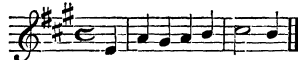
The opening chorus from Weber's opera *Oberon*, is thus quoted:—



Here is a "melody of the eighth century," which, for comicality of rhythm, beats any of the humorous melodies of the present day:—



Whilst the first phrase of 176 is so strongly suggestive of "The British Grenadier," that we should strongly recommend it as a means of "playing people out of church."



I therefore submit that in a collection of little more than two hundred tunes, so large a per-centage of objectionable matter, is sufficient to warrant the observation Mr. Walker complains of. And I am sure you, Mr. Editor, and the musical public generally, will agree with me that too much care cannot be displayed in excluding from the Church and the Hymnal all tunes which, by their want of purity and vigour, are likely to have a pernicious influence on the minds of those who are unable to judge for themselves.

I also desire to say that nothing can be further from my intention than to speak disrespectfully of the Ritualists, many of whom I hold in the highest esteem; and I can assure Mr. Walker that only a strong sense of justice would weigh with me in condemning a book adopted by so earnest a body of workers in our Church. Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE NOTICE.

"MUSICAL PITCH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL TIMES.

Dear Sir,—The interesting article by Mr. Lunn on the "Musical Pitch" in the February number of your periodical drew me into an agreeable cogitation, the substance of which I take the liberty to communicate.

I believe the average capability of the human voice is the same now as it was in the remotest periods of antiquity. And although we can have no data upon which scientifically to establish the fact, there is indubitable evidence relative to other physical conditions of human nature having remained stationary.

Taking as an illustration, our visual capabilities. Hipparchus (140 before Christ) refutes an assertion made by Aratus, "that there were only six stars visible in the constellation of the Pleiades." He (Hipparchus) says, "One star escaped the attention of Aratus; for when the eye is attentively fixed on the constellation, on a serene and moonless night, seven stars are visible."

Now the visual capabilities of the present day are precisely the same; some seeing only six, while others with stronger sight can see the seven. And as nature, in all her operations, reproduces herself with such unerring exactitude, doubtless our voices remain *precisely* the same as they were 2,000 or 3,000 years ago.

Relative to France taking the lead upon this subject, I consider it quite compatible with her nature. She has in many ways, for generations, been the pioneer, as it were, of all Europe. Burke, in one of his speeches on the French revolution, calls France "the nation that has been so long accustomed to give Europe the tone in arts and manners;" and Guizot, speaking of the political career of France, says, "It is the taste of my country to push, no matter at what cost, or in the face of what danger, into immense and unparalleled experiments. It is as though it held itself to be the great laboratory of the world's civilization." And Washington Irving says, "The French intellect is quick and active; it flashes its way into a subject with the rapidity of lightning, seizes upon remote conclusions with a sudden bound, and its deductions are almost intuitive. The English intellect is less rapid, but more persevering," &c.